S. S. STEWART'S

BANJO AND GUITAR

JOURNAL.

Ed. B. Mowry.

JUNE, 1886.

Price, 20 Cents.

PUBLISHED BY

S. S. STEWART,

PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A.

S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

VOL. III. No. 10. JUNE and JULY, 1886. (Double Number.) PRICE, 20 CENTS.

S. S. STEWART'S
BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL
Is Published Each Alternate Month.
SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CENTS PER YEAR,
With premium, consisting of a copy of the
Banjo and Guitar Music Album.

This Issue Price 20 Cents.

☞ In consequence of the increase in the amount of music and other matter in this issue of the *Journal*, it has been found necessary to raise the price from TEN to TWENTY cents.

Regular subscribers will receive the paper at the same rate as previous issues, unless they desire to send us the extra 10 cents—it remaining optional with them. Fair minded people will admit that the paper is worth the 20 cents.

Prospective and Retrospective.

Almost every day correspondents write us from various parts of the country expressing a desire that the *Journal* would appear monthly instead of once in two months. Some few among our best customers have gone so far as to state that they would be willing to pay five dollars instead of fifty cents per year, if the *Journal* could only be issued every month. Other readers have offered to pay four dollars per year, and a number of others three and two dollars per year.

Now our views so far as matured were expressed upon this subject in our last issue (issued April 1st), and since that time we have turned the matter carefully over in our mind and brought our past and somewhat extended experience to bear upon the subject with the view of ascertaining what was best to be done in order to accommodate and meet the views of the vast majority of our correspondents.

To publish a paper at an extremely high price would suit the tastes of a few of our customers, and we have no doubt a number of subscribers would be obtained for the publication. But it is not our wish nor desire to cater to the tastes of a select few only, but to reach and supply the wants of the greater number and at the same time give a paper which will in every way "fill the bill" and be furnished at a fair price only, and be well worth every cent asked for it.

Some time ago we published as an experiment only—some easy tunes for the banjo and guitar by the "short-hand" method—a system designed by a very excellent musician as well as a competent performer upon these instruments.

We published that as we have said, simply as an experiment in order to ascertain how many among our readers desired it. The result has been that only a small per centage of our subscribers have desired a continuance of the "short hand" system of notation, and this has led us to discontinue its publication for a time at least—perhaps altogether.

Such systems are altogether injurious for the beginner as they entirely unfit him for the study of musical notation. Teachers who attempt to instruct their pupils first "by ear" or the figure systems and afterwards by musical notation, are pursuing a wrong course entirely. We have met old performers, competent readers, who after teaching or playing from the "short hand" system and then attempting to read from notes (musical notation), to become so "mixed up" that it was really amusing to witness their confusion. Hence, whether we shall publish any but legitimate music in our future issues will become a matter for the public or our subscribers to decide. It is the same to us, merely because we print it, is no more reason why we should play from it, than that an apothecary should swallow a dose of each prescription he is called upon to put up.

It must be taken into consideration that a paper issued each and every month would be of no more value to us as a medium for advertising our publications, etc., than the present *Journal*, published only once in two months; whereas, the labor on our part of conducting the publication would be at least double and the expenses, three times what they now are. Hence, the question arises, would it be worth while to branch out in that direction with no *absolute certainty* of support. We think not, at least not at present, and we are not as yet inclined to undertake a standard monthly publication.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY BANJO?

Putting strips, or even whole fingerboards of metal on banjo necks does not prevent the neck from warping. Necks, of course, are made in this way that do not warp, and they are made in various other ways and do not always warp. There is with most people, a tendency to attribute results to the wrong causes, and hence it is not to be wondered at that many persons who have used necks with German silver or other metal fingerboards with success, attribute the good qualities and continued straightness of the neck to the staying qualities of the metal face.

This is a fallacy. A neck with metal face is just as apt to go out of shape as one made without any face at all, only if it has no metal face it can readily be planed off straight and reveneered or if it is a veneered face it can be planed off or re-veneered, at any time, but the metal face cannot be so treated.

So far as *strength* goes, a neck with a thin veneer of ebony is stiffer than one with a German silver face screwed upon it, but none the less liable to warp—When a neck with metal face upon it begins to warp or shrink it has the same effect, as though the metal had expanded and causes the metal fingerboard to lie in ridges, thus allowing the strings to rattle and jar, producing anything but a musical tone. There is then no remedy except to remove the metal fingerboard. To attempt to hammer it down flat is the worst of folly. If the ridges are but very slight and the metal is thick, filing or buffing blocks may be used, but the heat or friction of a buffing wheel will in most cases only augment the difficulty. Necks made with ebony faces have stayed straight, although the different shrinkage capacities of the two different kinds of wood renders it uncertain; therefore, also, have necks made in the same way warped more or less.

Necks made with metal faces have remained true—but sometimes they warp. Necks made with no veneer at all have warped, while others made in the same way remain straight, but such necks are not nearly as strong or durable as *properly constructed* veneered necks.

Necks made with several veneers, layed one upon another, are stronger and less liable to spring or warp than any other kind; but so much depends upon the manner in which the work is done that a several veneer neck is no guarantee whatever, that it is *proof absolute* against warping. We have known necks made in this way to warp occasionally.

Then you ask, "How can a neck be made so as to be absolutely warp proof?" We, answer, no one is infallible—mistakes will occur and the best of men will sometimes err in judgment.

The only way to proceed with any show of success is by long experience and observation, experience in selecting, seasoning and treating woods of different kinds and grades. Experience in glueing, varnishing and polishing, and judgment in adapting the woods to the work for which they are to be used. This alone will give any certainty that the necks made will remain true.

In the hands of some banjo players the best neck possible to make would not long remain true. Not only is the instrument changed in pitch every few minutes during its use, but the strings are constantly changed from thin to thick and from thick to thin. First a low bridge, then a high one, etc., thus varying the tension and strain upon the neck at least 50 per cent. back and forth.

Then again, to witness the manner in which the pegs are handled by some performers is torture to the lover of a good instrument. Just fancy a man's sitting down to the table and jamming his knife half way down his throat instead of eating with his fork, and then jamming his elbows in the most awkward manner possible into the sides of those who have the misfortune to sit beside him. This is just exactly the manner in which many banjo players handle their instruments. They seize the peg to be tuned in the ball of the hand, and after giving it a compound twist proceed to shove it forward with all force, whilst the right hand holds down the poor rim so it can't get away. No wonder some necks give in to the strain and spring upwards like an Indian bow. It must needs be a strongly constructed affair to stand all this strain.

A banjo player has need of a certain amount of gracefulness in handling his instrument, this is fully as important as tastefulness in the execution and expression of music. A clumsy man has not the necessary gracefulness to manipulate the strings, nor the requisite dexterity of digits essential to a tasteful handling of the pegs.

Another and most shameful way to treat a banjo is to hang it up on the wall with the neck pointing downwards. If a banjo must be hung upon the wall let it be so hung that the neck points upwards, like the needle of a mariner's compass, always pointing towards the north.

Many necks have been broken caused by banjos falling from the wall, the full weight of the instrument coming directly upon the bend in the wood, or curve where the wood is weakest. The banjo being a musical instrument, cannot be made like an anvil or sledge hammer, to stand any amount of knocking about with impunity.

CONCERNING THE GUITAR.

Jacob Augustus Otto, in his celebrated treatise upon the construction of violins, says: "I was prevented from making more (violins) by the following circumstance. The late Duchess Amelia, of Weimar, having introduced the guitar into Weimar, in 1788, I was immediately obliged to commence making imitations of this instrument for several noblemen, which soon obtained so high a repute in Leipsig, Dresden and Berlin, that for sixteen years I had more orders in hand than I could execute. I must in this place observe that the guitar had originally *five* strings only. The late Herr Nauman, maitre de chappelle at Dresden, gave me the order for the first guitar with the sixth, or low E string, which I added according to his instructions. Since then the guitar has always had six strings, for which improvement amateurs have to thank Herr Nauman. In the guitar introduced by the Duchess Amelia, a strong violin third was used for the D string, and only the A string was covered."

Moore's Encyclopedia of music has the following: "The Spaniards, the reputed inventors of the guitar, derived the name they gave it guitarra, from *cithara*, the Latin denomination for almost every instrument of the lute kind.

The people of Spain are so fond of music and of the guitar in particular, that there are few, even of the laboring classes, who do not solace themselves of its practice. It is with this instrument that the Spanish gentlemen at night serenade their mistresses, and there is scarcely an artificer in any of the cities or principal towns, who, when his work is over, does not go to some public places and entertain himself and his auditors with his guitar.

About the middle of the last century, the guitar was so fashionable in England as to threaten the ruin of those persons engaged in the manufacture of other instruments.

The use of the guitar is said to have been stopped by Kirkman, the harpsichord maker. Having bought a number of cheap guitars, he gave them to ballad singers and persons in the lowest sphere of life, teaching them at the same time how to play a few popular songs. As soon as it became common, those who had been most interested in it as a fashionable toy, threw it by in disgust and commenced again the study of the piano forte. Thus it is that fashion governs the inventions of the wisest, and consigns to neglect or raises into estimation the talent, genius and industry of the greatest men in all ages and countries.

The demand for this beautiful and graceful instrument has of late so increased that several American houses have commenced the manufacture of them.

The guitar seems to be coming into very general use. Until within a few years most of the guitars were imported from France and Germany, and some few from Spain. Those of the French and German make, though very pretty in outward appearance, were, many of them, weak in tone and would not stand the severe changes of our climate. The Spanish instruments, though very much superior to the French and German in point of tone, were of but little use here, as they soon went to pieces. We have seen some American made guitars of superior tone and finish, made after the Spanish model, which we think will prove rich in tone, and being made here, will stand the severest tests of this climate."

Eulogy and Advice to the One Concerned.

EMBRACING AN APOLOGY FOR THE AFFLICTION, WITH TENDEREST WISHES, ETC., ETC.

BY A FRIEND.

Whilst William labors industriously and arduously with his "scissors and paste" for the forthcoming book, go thou, Albert, quietly to thy "dry house" yonder, and there silently meditate upon thy errors and want of foresight.

Albert, if thy foresight could but equal thy hindsight how different it might all have been.

Albert, "*thou art the man;*" thou art indeed a terror, and none know it so well as thy own customers.

Albert, thy "sweeping challenge" swept the dust—aye, swept it until it did settle around thee in clouds; well indeed, is it for thee, Albert, that thou was not choked. Thou sayest thou hast "many imitators but few equals. True, Dear Albert, thou hast *not an equal upon the earth.*

At writing advertisements, dear Albert, thou art lightning itself. There can nowhere be found, upon land or sea, upon the earth or upon the waters under the earth, thy equal.

Look in the glass, Albert, and behold thy worst enemy; he will there and no where else appear unto thy gaze.

"There were giants in those days," Albert, but thou art not of the race of such.

Thou mayest manage concerts, manage quartettes, manage anything, in fact, outside of thyself; but to manage thyself, Albert dear, thou shouldst thy attention now turn, and when thou hast acquired the art of so doing, then indeed wilt thou obtain thy reward.

"Don't be a Ham," dear Albert, but no, there is indeed little use in advising thee. Thou knowest too much. Thou art a "corker." Thou shouldst therefore cork thyself. By that it is meant that thou shoulst place a check upon thyself. Be more cautious in thy actions and do not tickle the lion's ear. Thou sayest thou hast "in press," our new price-list. It is well indeed that thou dost have it "in press." All pure wine has gone through the press. But beware, dear Albert, the awful prec-ipice. Thou likewise sayest that thou belongest to a firm of "Expert" makers of the gourd. This is expressive of thy own idea only.

Thou hast also said that "every fair minded man must admit the good sense" of the argument. Thou mayest have been just a "little off," Albert, but thou couldst not help it.

Thou seest that thou art charged openly with all this mischief because thou dost "believe in honest business dealings." Therefore it has been thought best to meet thee fairly and honestly.

Dost thou remember, Albert, some years ago—say the year 1880, for instance?

Thou didst then crow loudly, thy bray was almost liken unto the lion's roar. But thou didst bray too loudly and too long—that gave thee away.

Thou hast forgotten that the BANJO KING did place a deposit of solid money—aye, filthy lucre—into the reliable hands of the *New York Clipper*, and that thou didst neglect or perhaps purposely forgot to cover the same.

Perhaps thou didst think thy well-known BRASS was an equivalent for the KING'S GOLD; but other eyes were upon thee, Albert, and thou wert observed in thy nefarious ways.

"For tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee i peculiar."

But for thou, who dwelleth in the enlightened city of the East, there can be no mitigating circumstances.

Remember thou, when thou didst think to frighten the KING?

"When thou gettest enough let me know;" sayest thou on the pale-faced postal.

Thou didst wait in vain, and the KING had almost forgotten thy existence upon the earth. When lo! another puff of wind and the KING found himself again attacked in the columns of the *Clipper*. Not the "Clipper" with pneumatic tube attachment, Albert, oh! no, but the original *Clipper*.

In it thou sayest thou hast no time and no inclination for quiddling. Then why dost thou so quiddle? When thou enterest into thine house thou canst leave thy quids outside.

Likewise thou mentions the fact that thou art "too busy." Well sayest thou. It is well for thee to study the habits of the bee. Dost thou desire wisdom and understanding? Then go to thine aunt, thou slugger, and study well.

Doubtless thou hast often heard, when a lad, the beautiful poem from which the above stanza is extracted. If not thou shalt now have it:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour?
He settles on the butcher's meat,
And turns the whole lot sour."

And thus it is, dear friend Albert, that the best things of this life often turn sour. So hast it been with thy chestnuts, saved up from the year '46 (If you don't believe it read our challenge in No. 40).

"The Parrot and the Billy Goat; The Monkey and the Mule."

Thus saith the song.

When a lad thou hast no doubt often cried "no fair," and hence thou hast on a recent occasion attempted to make another fall heir to thy just dues.

Thou hast seen thine own imperfections and perhaps believed thou wert viewing the errors of another.

Oh! how sad it is to be so blind to thine own idiosyncracies. Reflect, Albert, and repent before it is too late.

When shall mine eyes behold the rare serenity of thy countenance?

Albert, never monkey with thy papa's razor. If thou should so do and thou shouldst get besmeared with blood thou wilt then remember what thou wert told not to forget.

"A stitch in time is a penny saved." Albert, remember the old adage and throw not away thy gold in wasteful advertisements, challenging the wind. The wind will not thank thee, Albert, and thou wilt then be inclined to shout, "Out! Out! damned spot," keeping time, at the same time, to the music which William will draw from one of thine own Champion gourds; but there will be knashing of teeth, Albert, oh! yes.

Albert, it were far better for thee to spend thy time in searching for the Lost Chord, or even for the Lost Continent, than to bay the moon as a Noble Roman.

Albert, we were all boys at one time, but not all at the same time. Therefore, get the gone with thy base insinuations.

There were chestnuts in those days, Albert, but they were not the "chestnuts" which thou dost so love to market. Nay, the chestnuts thou dost so love were not even of the kind which the traditional monkey so cutely didst monkey with the traditional pussy cat to yank from the burning coals. That monkey had, Albert, like thee, no time nor inclination for quiddling. But that monkey had no objection to quiddling with the poor pussy cat.

Now, Albert, think of the awful fate which must certainly have befallen that poor cat if thou hadst been in the monkey's place.

Remember, Albert, "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Aye! sometimes a little grease is necessary, or even a little intelligence. But thou'lt get there, friend Albert, have no forbodings.

Thou mayst have heard it said, Albert, that sometimes in the course of human events it becomes necessary to answer a fool according to his folly. This, dear Albert, is the only reason which could have induced the King to give thee this advice so freely. Thou wert rushing onward to rashness, friend Albert; a little more and thou mightst have been carried away in the fearful current of public opinion. A few words in thy time of need might set thee down to thinking, Albert, and this done there is hope for thee. This is then, Albert, the only apology the King thinks necessary to make for this, his reply to thy "Open Letter," which thou didst so rashly send forth.

LEE'S CHORD CONSTRUCTION.

We publish herein, the second installment of Mr. Lee's Lessons in Chord Construction for the Banjo, consisting of two pages closely set type matter.

This treatise was begun in our last number (price, 10 cents,) which may yet be had of us and when the numbers containing same are out of print we shall doubtless issue the *Chapter on Chord Construction* in a separate leaflet or book.

In undertaking these lessons in constructing chords, moudlation, etc., Mr. Lee has aimed to give for the use of the teacher or student that which is to be found in no book heretofore published, and his long study and experience has enabled him to give it in such a form that it cannot fail to be appreciated and understood.

Heretofore it was necessary for a student, in order to acquire the knowledge given therein, to wade through a mess of complex and complicated lessons in harmony, much of which could be of no practical use to him as a banjoist or teacher. Whereas, in Mr. Lee's lessons he finds only that which is essential and of practical utility, and which he cannot fail to readily understand.

Mr. Lee will branch out in the next chapters into harmony, modulation, ete., and the work will be made as complete as could be desired by the most exacting student.

A "WANDERING MINSTREL" IN A WET COUNTRY.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH VIRGINIA FLOODS.

Everybody has read of the recent disastrous floods in Virginia, but everybody was not there. I was there.

I was very much there—

I got there on the 31st of March.

Bremo Bluff is the name of a small town on James river, about 90 miles from Richmond. It takes its name from a towering, abrupt bluff, which rises back of the river perhaps a quarter of a mile. Between the bluff and the river is a flat, level valley, and in this valley the principal part of the village is situated.

I got off at the depot about 4 P. M. It was raining. The depot is very near the river—No, I mistake, the depot *was* very near the river.

While the hotel porter went to hunt up an umbrella, I looked at the river. It was rippling merrily on its course in a placid, come-and-float-on-my-bosom sort of way, and looked as innocent and harmless as a spring lamb with mint sauce.

We walked to the hotel, a distance of perhaps 900 yards.

That afternoon I went about among the people, preaching the excellence of Stewart Banjos and the great music house of M. B. Ramos & Co., Richmond, of which firm I was the wandering representative.

In the principal store I found the villiage doctor amusing a group of admirers with an old cheese box banjo with steel strings. I sent a colored boy to the hotel for my own instrument. When it came I gave them a little exhibition. The crowd was delighted and enthusiastic.

When I finished, the doctor calmly, aimed a blow at a cracker box with the business end of his banjo, and broke said instrument all to pieces. He also broke the cracker box, which was a pity.

It was a good cracker box.

Well, the doctor ordered a Stewart Banjo on the spot, and I returned to the hotel much encouraged.

The hotel was a frame structure of 2 stories. It sat upon pillars about 6 feet from the ground.

After supper we were congregated in the general sitting-room. The oldest inhabitant was with us. He was holding forth on Prohibition. He said if it ever came to a vote at the bluff, the town would go wet.

About that time the operator came over from the depot and reported the river rising rapidly and a big flood coming from above.

A discussion followed as to whether it would be safe to remain in the hotel. Some were for getting out at once, but the oldest inhabitant said there wasn't any danger. He was going to remain right "whar he wuz."

I agreed with the o. i. You see, I had looked at the river. I knew there couldn't be any danger in a stream like that,

I told the landlord if he wanted any assistance in the night to call me. Then I went to my room and laid down. It was only 8 o'clock, but I had been up all the previous night, and I very soon fell asleep.

At half-past 9 some one knocked on my door. I asked him what was the matter. He said I had better make haste and get out of there as the water was rising and people were making for the hills. I told him to go off and shoot his grandmother. Then I turned over to sleep again.

But, great goodness! What was that singular noise? The gurgle of a current, the buzz of wind in the rigging of a ship, the roar of a cataract, the crash of falling timbers.

I ran to my window and looked out upon what had been a green valley; but the valley had disappeared, and our hotel was in the centre of a surging, booming sea. There was no time to be lost. The water was deep in the first story of the building, which, as I have stated was nearly 6 feet from the ground.

I hurriedly donned my clothing and grabbed my banjo. I did not stop for anything else. I imagined my mother-in-law was dying up on the bluff, and I was in a hurry to see the end. I stood not upon the order of my going but *gat*.

There was a boat at the front door into which we lifted the ladies of the establishment and sent them ashore. The oldest inhabitant went with the ladies. He had changed his mind about staying "right whar he wuz." While we were waiting for the boat to return the water got up to our knees.

Such a time we had on the hills that night. Everybody's house was crowded with visitors from the lowlands. A hospitable gentleman invited me to his home.

When I entered a large, old-fashioned room, I found quite a congregation of ladies and gentlemen gathered about a great country fire-place, and looking as sad and lonesome as a last year's bird nest. They were probably thinking of their various household belongings which were then on their festive way to the sea.

I thought I would cheer them a bit. I opened up on my banjo. It had the desired effect.

There is something funny in a banjo. There is a laugh in every note.

Finally a jolly old farmer, who had ten thousand dollars worth of cattle somewhere under the water, proposed a dance. It was organized on the spot—an old-time Virginia reel, with more fun and laughter to the square inch than anything of the kind I have ever witnessed.

The neighbors in other houses hearing the unusual merriment, came over to see what was up. The house was not large enough to accommodate the visitors, so one set danced and went outside to cool off while another set took their places. In this way the festivities were kept up until about 3 A. M.

Then an awfully nice girl about 13 years old, discovered that she had an accordeon, and offered to play. That settled it and I crept off to bed.

I slept that night in a feed trough in a neighboring stable. I considered myself lucky. It was the only trough in the stable. Other fellows slept on the floor.

And the next morning what a sight met our gaze. No sign of the town but the roofs of one or two houses which had withstood the current. Bridges, barns, fences, the bodies of drowned animals whirlling down the stream. The river itself, a fearful, fascinating picture of irresistible destructive power.

I will not weary you with a further account of adventures in this vicinity. I induced a man to take me across the river in a boat. I went 150 miles out of my way to reach home, in doing so, I had to walk some distance across the country, and was compelled to swim two streams where the bridges were washed away. All this was very pleasant in the month of April, but I finally reached my destination in good order, and if anyone wishes further information in regard to Virginia floods, he can find me at the aforementioned music house of M. B. Ramos & Co., Richmond, Va.

A WANDERING MINSTREL.

BRUDDER JOHNSING ON KNOWLEDGE.

"Knowledge is power." Yes, knowledge am a power when you'se got de right kind—But if yer ain't got de right kind ob juice you'd migher best ter stop wid yer foolin'. Stewart am de boy what's got de head on his shoulders. When he pulls de strings he ketches de fish. Dare's no use in any ob dem dare fellers up in Boston or elsewhar for to gwine to fool wid Stewart. He's got de jump—He's got de right kind of jump—He don't jump like a flea and he don't jump inter de mud when he do jump. He knows whar, and dats just it. He's got de knowledge. Oders may hab de gall, but gall ain't alwus de thing when yer din't got de knowledge. De knowledge am what Shakespeare uster call de proper caper. When a man's got de knowledge right in his cranuim he kinder knows whats what; he knows what he's talkin' about, and yer can't fool him. Yes, brudders, knowledge am de thing what's wanted in all de walks ob life, Stewart's got it—He's de King and he knows how to make a banjer, and dat's what I'se been saying."

Now don't gwine for to be a ham—Hams am slow to believe and hard to perceive. Hams hab got no knowledge, dey dont know dat knowledge am de key what unlocks de mysteries of de secret ob makin' a good banjer. Stewart's de man what has got it, read his Journal and get de knowledge what will prove useful to yer when yer's gitten old and feeble.

Brace up and pitch in, put grease on your fingers and don't neber monkey wid de wrong man. Dare's some fellers what neber opens dare moufs widout dey puts dare foot right into it. Of course a man's got for to hab a mighty big mouf for to jam his foot into it, but dares some what is up to all such tricks. Now recomember what I'se been tellin' yer and don't monkey. If yer do somebody will be sure to sing "rats" and play yer minor jigs in a major key. Remember, don't forget it—Stewart Banjers am de best. Don't be a Ham.

Now dare's Uncle Horace Weston; he says Stewart am de only man what can consuccessfully cope wid de intracasies of makin' a good banjer, he outer know an' if he don't I'd like ter know whats de use of habin' knowledge. Dare's Mister Jim Sanford; he says Stewart am de King, and dare's P. C. Shortis, he's an artist; he says Stewart makes the greatest banjer of dem all. What's de matter wid dat I want ter know? Den dare's Mr. Geo. Powers, he's a corker; he allus said dat Stewart was de only banjer maker which could put de inspirashings in de instrument. Dat's what I call positive evidence dat Stewart's got de knowledge. Den what's de matter wid Wm. A. Huntley, Esquire? He's de great skientific banjer picker and singer—He's got knowledge. All what's got de knowlede says dat Stewart am de best, so it must be so. Now what's de difference between Stewart and dat oder man? Why, I'll tell yer—Dat's a conundrum, but I can anser it.

Stewart's got de knowledge an' de oder feller's got de gall. Dat's all dare is in it, dat am a fac.

Dey all say dat Stewart am King; he's de man what's got de right kind ob knowledge. Yes, dare's anoder man, Mister Lee, he's anoder one what's got knowledge, if he hadn't got de knowledge he couldn't write chords; he's a corder from Cordsville, and he knows how to skientifically bunch cords on de stems. Read Stewart's *Journal* and be convinced. Don't be a ham.

What's dat I har some nigger sayin' ober dare? "What's de use ob knowledge if yer don't know how ter apply it."

Now look a hare, my brudders, I'se gwine ter tole yer dat when ye's got knowledge ye's done got de hull ting. If ye's got knowledge yer's got de knowledge ob knowin' jes how ter ketch on; for if yer ain't got de knowledge ob applyin' knowledge, den yer ain't got de right kind ob knowledge, and consicantly yer don't got de knowledge what am knowledge, ad' yer mighter's well stop. Yer can jus' ax Col. Ingersoll if I ain't right. Dat's my sentiments, an' dat's what I'se been talkin' about.

IS 20 A LUCKY NUMBER?

The first Banjo Stewart ever made was sold for $20.00.

It had a 20 inch neck.

It had 20 raised frets.

It had 20 brackets.

It had 20 pieces of inlaying, counting pearl dots.

It had 20 transparent spots in the head.

It broke 20 strings the first week, and 20 people said it was a corker.

It took 20 minutes to sell it, and 20 more were ordered like it.

It will take 20 years for any one else to make one to equal it, for it sounded like 20 pianos, and 20 hams wished they could "down it."

The rim was 20 one eighths of an inch deep, and the man who bought it walked 20 miles after it. There was a fire and it was fired 20 feet from the window which didn't hurt it. Afterwards, 20 men had a fight over it and it cost $20.00 to settle the case. Afterwards it cost $20.00 to repair damages which were never assessed, and 20 men took drinks over it

DON'T BE A HAM.

HENRY C. BLACKMAR.

This well known banjo and guitar music writer of New Orleans, writes us as follows:

New Orleans, March 4th, 1886.

S. S. Stewart Esq., Dear Sir.

Write me down as a firm admirer of your splendid banjos; your Orchestral Banjos are grand, and your Banjeaurines ——, well, I am prepared to immediately surrender, when my time comes. Your S. S. S. on a banjo is sufficient, and we have all, down this way, "got you on our list."

Yours very truly,

HENRY C. BLACKMAR

DON'T BE A HAM.

BY C. S. PATTY.

Oh! you who love the banjo's tones
Come listen to my lay,
And learn how honest Caleb Jones
Learned the art in one short day.

An old plunk banjo Caleb had,
His strings were made of leather,
He had talent and so did dad,
So they often played together.

Peaceful he lived, grief ne'er can come
You'd think to one so calm,
But one day came a letter from
A "simple method ham."

He'd teach, he said, by telegraph
The art in its perfection,
"Remit twelve dollars and a half
Receive, sir, my protection."

So Caleb and his dollars part,
They fell, sir, like a balm
Upon the impecunious heart
Of the simple method ham.

To Caleb answer never came,
His voice rose with the throng:
I've been a ham, I own with shame
That I was in the wrong.

Grief gnawed apace his tender heart,
And rats his banjo head;
'Till grim death took his better part,
The hapless man was dead.

HIS EPITAPH.

Here lies a youth to slaughter led
As quiet as a lamb;
Reader, the last words that he said
Were these—"DON'T BE A HAM."

W. I. Pratt, of Iowa City, writes. "The new music is all *very good*, and some of it particularly fine. Give us some more like it for banjo and piano. If you should start a $2.00 per year Journal, count me as your first subscriber, as I was the first subscriber to your present Journal."

Walter Beam, Denver, Colorado, writes. "Denver is booming along finely this Spring. I hope business is still on a rush with you."

D. C. Chambers, of Sacramento, Cal., writes. "I received the Little Wonder Banjo and am well satisfied with it, and have had three chances to sell it for twice it's cost."

THE STEWART BANJOS.

These instruments are used by all the professional players. After lengthy correspondence and a personal visit by our Mr. Ramos, the manufacturers have established an agency in Richmond. Banjo players are invited to call and inspect the instruments, whether they contemplate buying or not. Remember, the store is next to corner of Ninth and Main streets, No. 903.

M. B. RAMOS & CO., RICHMOND, VA.

THE HAM IS DEAD.

Clayton H. Bartlette, of Holly, New York, writes. "Banjo received in good condition. It is just the boss banjo in town, and everyone who has seen it says the same."

John A. Neal, of Dayton, Ohio, writes. "The banjo you sent me has proven to be most satisfactory, and I am more than pleased with it. As I could not expect the strings to last for ever, I write for your Catalogue and Price List of strings."

Frank L. Cox, of Atlantic, Iowa, writes. "I have still got the Stewart Banjo that you sent me last Summer, and the longer I have it the better I like it."

Luther Hultgren, of Ophiem, Ill., writes. "I received the Banjo and Guitar Music Album, and I must say that it is alone worth 50 *cents*. It seems impossible that you can give the Album away for a 50 cents subscription; the music in its pages for banjo and guitar is beautiful, and I would not take one dollar for it. I received the *Journal*, and I think it is as good a music paper as one can find."

DON'T BE A HAM.

Zither players should read Theodore Lohr's card in another column.

Long Branch, N. J., March 5th, 1886.
Mr. S. S. Stewart, Dear Sir:—Seeing Huntley & Lee billed at the rink on Thurday and Friday Evening, I thought I would go down and hear the gents, as I am an amateur at banjo playing. They gave a very fine performance and were frequently applauded. The instruments they use are very fine, and for sweetness of tone I have never heard their equal. Mr. Huntley gave me a copy of your *Journal*, which is very interesting and also very instructive. I have heard such players as Brooks, Dobson and several others of fame, and the banjos they use have not the music in them like the one Mr. Huntley uses. I am speaking of the "Banjeaurine."

I remain, JOHN W. FLINN.

Charles Corliss, of Troy, writes March 5th. "I am a member of the Trojan Banjo Club, and have one of your fine banjos. I am more pleased with it, and all who have played, pronounce it simply faultless."

MAH A EB T'NOD

W. L. Hayden, the well known Boston teacher and publisher, says that he finds a large increase in answers to his advertisement in the *Journal* (hearing from it every day.) He also says that he would be glad to see us publish a monthly paper for guitar and banjo, but the question is "Would it pay?"

J. E. Henning and pupils played for the Chicago Bicycle Club concert, on March 30th, last, in Chicago.

E. M. Hall writes that his banjo music is meeting with good sale, and says he thinks the *Journal* is the best medium for advertising banjo music in the country.

Thompson & Odell, of Boston, No, 186 Washington street, always have the *Journal* in stock as well as all of Stewart's other publications.

DON'T BE A HAM.

O. R. Babbitt, of Redwood City, Cal., writes under date of 22d. "The two rolls of music were duly received, and I appreciate your promptness in filling my orders. The *Album* is indeed a valuable premium, better than I expected. I have given away my January *Journal* to a Spanish (lady) guitar player. As I have not thoroughly learned the music in that number, I enclose a dime for another copy and if you have them to spare, send me the two previous back numbers, for which I enclose 20 cents more. I am pleased to notice your ingenuity in inventing such an instrument as the the *banjeaurine*, I am sure it will take well in the Banjo World. The next time I am in San Francisco I will visit your agents, Kohler & Chase, and probably purchase one of them."

C. S. Mattison, of San Antonio, Texas, writes. "I can' do without the *Journal*." Mr. Mattison is a teacher who knows "what's what."

V. L. Ossman, of Hudson, N. Y., says in a recent letter. "Banjo received the other day, 'lays over' every thing in this town, including my own."

DON'T BE A HAM.

Newburgh, N. Y., March 30th, 1886.
FRIEND STEWART:

The first number of the *Journal* received. The Ne Plus Ultra Reel and Anticipation Polka, by Armstrong, are worth a whole year's subscription. I am not at all sorry that I renewed my subscription. I was *more* than pleased with last year's *Journal*, but if this year's pans out as it starts, I won't know how to express my appreciation of it at the end of the year. How is it that you sent me last year's Music Album? I *have* one of them and you might have saved yourself that expense. I notice in the Programme of the Huntley Concert Co., that Mr. Huntley is performing the "*Bell Chimes*," *by Rumsey*. Is it the one written by my brother, H. S. Rumsey? I know of no other Rumsey that ever wrote any banjo music. I am getting tired of the frets on my banjo, and must either file them off or get a new handle. I found out some time ago that they spoiled the tone of the banjo very much, and that I could not execute as rapidly with them as I could on my old banjo without them, but I did not wish to acknowledge it, as you have always condemned frets. I don't wish to ask anything unreasonable of you, but would like to ask if you think the neck I have would be worth anything in exchange. It is not marked any except the finger marks in first position. Hoping to receive an early and favorable answer, and also that I have not tried your patience with this long letter, I am,

Yours truly, WM. W. RUMSEY

Mr. Rumsey is a brother of the late well known H. S. Rumsey, banjoist and comedian, who was well and favorably known to the musical public a few years ago. H. S. Rumsey was the first, we believe, to introduce the "Bell Chimes" to the public with the swinging of banjo Mr. Huntley's performance is an improvement on Rumsey's, for as the world moves the art of banjo playing has moved too, and improved to suit the improved instruments and advanced tastes of the times. But to H. S. Rumsey belongs the credit of introducing the "chimes," and it is a matter of courtesy on Mr. Huntley,s part that the name is still used on his, Huntley's arrangement.

THE HAM IS SLOW TO BELIEVE.

"Knowledge is power" if properly applied and providing it is of the right kind,

Harry Taylor, of Columbus, Ohio, writes. "The *Little Wonder* to hand O. K. I delayed writing in order to give it a thorough test. I can now pronounce it a *Little Wonder* indeed.

Albert Center, Gloucester, Mass., writes. "Banjo received in good condition, and to say that I am pleased with it is expressing it faintly. I have shown it to a number of the banjo loving public and also some excellent players, and all admire it for its superior finish and quality of tone."

Hooper & Lumsden, banjo teachers, of Richmond, Va., write. "Send us another copy of the *Complete American School*. It is the best and most thorough instruction book we have ever seen. We use no other.

Again we say, MAH A EB T'NOD.

A. H. Everingham, of Troy, N. Y., writes. "The *Journal* is a grand success, typographically, editorially and last but not least, in the musical department, it is *great*. Very much pleased with your 'Hercules Polka,' it is a little gem, those changes in the second part being very pretty. Mr. Armstrong,s 'Anticipation Polka' is also *very fine*.

Remember, DON' BE A HAM.

Walter M. Pomroy, of the "Hawaiian Gazette," Honolulu, H. I., has imported a Stewart Orchestra Banjo. They are the best.

J. H. Parker, of Montreal, writes under date of April 15th. "I saw the instrument you made for Mr. Sullivan and tried it, and I take great pleasure in adding my appreciation of your banjos to the already long list of testimonials from professional performers. It has a very brilliant tone, is nicely finished, and he himself, is immensely pleased with it."

Mr. Parker had a benefit concert on March 22d, on which occasion he was presented with a gold headed cane. He introduced a banjo quartette composed of his pupils, and made a "hit."

Miss C. M. Cookrane, of Buffalo, writes. "The banjo you last made me is perfect in every way, and my pupil was more than delighted with it. I showed it to a great many, and I should not be surprised if you had more orders soon."

C. A. Maskell, Grand Rapids, Mich., says he means "war to the knife" to all tub banjos. The Stewart is King. Mr. Maskell sends a number of subscribers to the *Journal*.

DON'T BE A HAM.

G. L. Lansing, of Boston, Mass., writes, "I think you could issue a $2.00 monthly magazine with success. I would subscribe for the same and also induce pupils to do so."

P. R. King, Chicago, writes under date of April 27. "The Grand Orchestra Banjo made for me under the instructions of your agent, Mr. J. E. Henning, has been received; I must candidly state that it is far superior in tone and finish to any instrument that I have been so fortunate as to possess. It is far above my expectations and would merit the approval of any professional in the universe. I also thank you for your promptness in executing the order."

Knowledge is the key which unlocks the mysteries of banjo making.

The affable and genial P. C. Shortis got a new banjo made by Stewart recently. He has engaged with the Kellar Combination for a year, and expects to travel all through the country. Banjoists would do well to make it a point to hear him play when the opportunity offers.

J. E. Henning has published some new music for the banjo, among which is the Meta Mazurka, price 40 cents. This is four pages long, is arranged for two banjos and is rather difficult.

G. L. Lansing, teacher of the banjo and writer of banjo music in Boston, reports business good. He has been teaching some 65 pupils. Mr. L. is a great admirer of the Stewart Banjo.

C. S. Patty, the bard of Muncie, Ind., puts forth a new poem in this issue.

John S. Wild, the noted banjo and guitar teacher, in Boston, has been doing a good business througout the season.

Brudder Johnsing says: "that if you've got the knowledge, you've got the knowledge of applying knowledge; for if you haven't got the knowledge of how to apply knowledge you haven't got knowledge of the right sort." The brother is correct.

John W. Phelps, of Syracuse, N. Y., is a great lover of a Stewart Banjo.

J. H. Anker, of Philadelphia, continues to write good banjo songs occasionally. But it is not to be inferred that at any time he writes poor songs.

G. L. Lansing, of Boston, writes: "I have sold 500 copies of my music (Patrol) through your *Journal*."
See his new card in this issue, adveritsing his latest production, The Invincible Guard March.

Boston, Mass., May 5th, 1886.
Mr. S. S. Stewart, Dear Sir:
The 13 inch rim banjo I bought of you is by far the best instrument I ever played on.
F. E. ADAMS.

Only those versed in the astrological conditions of the banjo world can understand our Horoscope.

Fort Apache, A. T., May 2d, 1886.
S. S. Stewart, Dear Sir:
Your No. 2 Orchestra Banjo that you sent me, arrived here perfectly safe, and I am very well pleased with it. It is the finest toned banjo I ever owned and it is one of the finest instruments I ever handled. I have performed on every banjo made in the Union and also two makes of England, but yours excels them all.
Yours truly, J. A. VISSER.

Fred. O. Oehler, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., our esteemed contributor to the guitar department, will continue to write guitar music. His latest compositions, were however received too late for this issue, but will appear in our next.

Prof. A. Lopes, the well known guitar teacher and writer will write guitar music for the *Journal*. A composition from his pen will doubtless be ready for our next issue, together with one by Oehler.

On no consideration be a Ham.

W. A. Huntley, is at present resting at his home in the suburbs of Providence, R. I., on Narraganset Bay. Mr. H. has been quite ill with malaria since closing his concert tour, but is now convalescing and will resume business duties shortly.

Frank B. Converse, of New York, has issued a new banjo book, entitled the *Analytical Method*.

Thomas J. Armstrong, of Philadelphia, has been doing remarkably well with his class in banjo instruction.

Mr. John H. Lee, who was with the Huntley Concert Co. the past season, is now the guest of Mr. Huntley at his home in Providence, R. I.
Mr. Lee writes us that he is enjoying himself hugely, and has not got the malaria, having gained ten pounds during his visit. He may be seen any day from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M. in company with Mr. Huntley, fishing in Narragansett Bay. While fishing last Thursday he fancied he had a bite, calling Mr. H. to his assistance, they both by their united efforts brought to the surface—a monstrous oyster shell.

A. C. White, of Boston, Mass., says: "The banjo that I purchased of you recently, is superior to any make I have used or seen, especially in tone. Have given it a thorough trial and can say that it gives perfect satisfaction, shall recommend any one wanting a first-class banjo to get one of your make.

Do not, on any account B A Ham.

The Secor Family gave a unique concert at Arabic Hall, Industrial Art Building, this city, April 28th last. The banjo playing was done by Miss Edith E. Secor, pupil of Thos. J. Armstrong.
Mr. A. considers her one of his most talented pupils.

If you are a "simple method," try Ham Bitters.

DON'T BE A HAM.

The American Mandolin and Guitar Quartette, of Chicago, is composed of Signor S. P. Fachutar, C. H. Flemming, M. L. Harris and C. E. Bunker.

John Davis, of Springfield, Mass., had ten of his pupils in a "banjo team," at a concert in that city, on May 10th last.

Horace Weston, who has been in poor health for some time has so far recovered as to be able to rejoin his old company, the Smith's Uncle Tom's Cabin. With the exception of a lame foot, the result of a railroad accident which necessitated his walking with a crutch, he left town in good condition.

Boston, Mass., May 15th.
S. S. STEWART,
Dear sir: The Grand Orchestra Banjo which I bought of you has been thoroughly tested, and I pronounce it by far the finest banjo I ever heard.
Very truly,
WALTER A. PRESCOTT.

J. H. Batchelder, of Exeter, N. H., with his banjo quartette, performed recently at a church concert in that city and met with great success.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent writes as follows. "I have been puzzled over the following. The violin E string, about 13 inches from nut to bridge, being the same thickness as the little E string on the guitar, is tuned to the same pitch, and yet the string on the guitar is about eleven inches longer than the same string on the violin, and the violin string appears more tense than the same string on the guitar. I have found no book which will give me any information on the subject."

The guitar E. (little E) string in reality sounds an octave below the violin E string. The violin is an instrument of eight feet tone and sounds its notes as written. The guitar is an instrument of sixteen feet tone and sounds an octave below the notes as expressed in music. For full instruction in this department, procure a copy of the book *Marx's Musical Instructions*.

Another correspondent writes. "There are three banjo players here, they play trios, and each man tries to drown the other out. They want me to join them and make up a quartette, but I am afraid it would not elevate me any. How do you think I should act in the matter?"

We should advise our correspondent to first provide himself with a suitable life preserver in order to avoid the flood caused by the "drowning out," and to proceed thereafter with great caution. A little musical training and study is the best medicine for such musical athletes and slugging banjo contortionists.

"Can you tell me how to make a banjo write? I want to build one and I want to make it write."
The plan we should suggest would be to first remove the peg of the third string, and insert in the hole a common lead pencil; then lay the instrument down upon a flat table and connect the poles of a six or nine cell cautery battery therewith. This will make a sort of compound planchette and electro dynamo affair which may possibly write. If it don't you can't make it write.

Waterbury, Conn., 4th mo. 18th, 1886.
S. S. STEWART,
Dear sir: I am learning on the banjo the best I can without a teacher. I have one of your American Banjo Schools, and I have taken only four lessons in it, but my teacher moved from our city, and now there is not another teacher in our place of 23,000 inhabitants. I think a good teacher would make it pay here, as there are many who want to learn. I take your Banjo Journal and can pick out most of the pieces in it, but I want to take a course of lessons. How can I do it?
W. H. S.,
237 South Main Street,
Waterbury, Conn.

Customers ordering banjos frequently neglect or omit stating which style of frets they desire. This causes an unnecessary delay in filling the order, which might be avoided if the customer was a little more careful in writing. Please remember that we make banjos in three different styles of fretting and cannot tell which style you prefer unless you tell us what you want. Please read our Illustrated Price List carefully before ordering.

We discontinued the practice of giving a *free book* with each banjo, on the first of January last, when our new Price List came in force.

One of our $60.00 Orchestra Banjos, as generally constructed, consists of 362 distinct pieces of wood and metal. Of course the same instrument may be made with a larger number of brackets and thus add to the number of items in its construction, but as a greater number of brackets (over 30) are of no practical advantage, and often a positive detriment, we have based the calculation as aforesaid.

	Pieces.
Rim, consisting of wood and metal, with wire edges	4
Hoop and wire ring	2
Brackets, screws, nuts, hooks and washers	150
Neck, with seven veneers on surface and seven veneers on peg-head	16
Pegs	5
Frets, either pearl dots or otherwise	19
Heel on neck	1
Nut	1
Tail piece, bolt fasteners and bridge	5
Wedges and brace to hold neck to rim	3
Head and strings	6
Inlayings, separate pieces, about	150
Grand total,	362

So that without the inlaying, the banjo proper, would contain say, 212 pieces.

To tune the banjo with violin, first tune violin to "concert pitch," then tune the banjo third string in unison with the violin fourth or bass. The violin bass is G, the banjo third must be G also. The key called A, on the banjo, will correspond with C on the violin. The key of E on banjo, with G on the violin, etc.
To tune banjo with guitar, first tune guitar to "concert pitch," then tune the banjo third string to the third string on guitar, both strings giving the note G.

OUR NEW MUSIC.

A list of the latest music for the banjo, for two banjos and for the banjo with piano accompaniment, will be found in this issue of the *Journal*.

It is apparent to the casual observer and banjoists generally, that the Stewart Catalogue of Banjo Music embraces the cream of all banjo music and is being rapidly added to.

We publish banjo music by J. H. Lee, William A. Huntley, E. M. Hall, Horace Weston, Thos. J. Armstrong and numerous other composers, whose music is probably more in request than any other issued for the banjo.

In addition to our own late publications issued in sheet music form, and the music contained in this issue of the *Journal*—which in itself is the best collection ever produced for the price asked, we have added to our catalogue the entire list published by Henry C. Blackmar, of New Orleans, having recently purchased his copyright and plates. A revised list of all of these publications, now issued by Stewart will be found herein. The banjo music business has taken quite a jump since the advent of this, the *Banjo and Guitar Journal*.

BOLSOVER GIBB'S LETTER.

Humburg, Arizona, April 16th, 1886.
DEAR STEWART:
You were doubtless surprised to learn of my having left Boston so suddenly and unexpectedly, but it is "the unexpected always, which happens," they say.

I have, during my life, frequently been seized with sudden attacks of the traveling mania, and during a paroxysm I have left all business and started out without much thinking or caring as to whither I went.

This is the only explanation I can possibly make for having given up the idea of taking rooms in Boston after having selected furniture for the same, etc.

No doubt, some of your readers were greatly surprised at having their letters returned unopened, but the fact is, that when I left I actually forgot to notify the P. M. where to send my mail, and in fact, if I had thought of it I would not have had the slightest idea where to have it sent—so there it was. Consequently I came to the conclusion that the easiest way was to let the thing take care of itself—so I did not trouble myself any more about it.

I find the climate out here perfectly delightful, it is so refreshing, especially after having been in Boston, where beans and banjos are the chief diet one has to live on. I do miss some of the boys though—such jolly good players some of them are. I shall remain in this camp a few days only so you need not write me any letters here, but forward all my mail to your San Francisco agents, on whom I shall call on my return to San Francisco. I was there just before I came here and left directions to hold all mail matter coming for me.

I have brought one of my banjos here with me and left the other three in 'Frisco, so as not to be bothered with too much baggage. I have had a good many people to ask me about my banjos since I came west, because I carry the one with me in the leather case all the time so as to have it handy to use whenever I feel like it. I stopped to see Henning, in Chicago, but he was not in and I had my ticket through to 'Frisco so I could not wait. When you write him tell him I stuck my card in his tin sign on the door and I hope he got it all right; I should have liked to had a talk with him about what I saw in Europe, but of course I can do more talking when I see him again.

But here, I shall make the prologue longer than the play if I do not hurry up and come to my subject and stick to it. What I sit down to write you is this: As I was sitting in a restaurant (I was resting myself, not my aunt), I overheard a most interesting conversation carried on by two or three young men, and as it concerned your business mostly I took great interest in listening to it. The following is about what I recollect of it.

It seems that one of the young fellows had just received from your house one of your latest catalogues of music and your *Journal*, and began to talk with his friend about your banjos and music. Of course, they had no idea who I was, if they had known it was me they would not have known who I was anyhow, they would not have had any idea that I was reporting for the

dear old *Journal* any way. Well; one of them pulls out your catalogue and says he: "I tell you, Stewart has got some fine banjo music here——"

"Oh!" says the other, "banjo music is nothing but plunk, plunk, plunk; who ever heard of any fine music for the banjo?"

"That's where you're wrong my dear fellow," answered the first, "Stewart publishes just as good music for the banjo as is published for any instrument, and his books of instruction, especially the *American Banjo School*—are the best ever produced. This book was the first banjo book gotten out in the style of works for high class instruments, and containing scales in all the keys, etc., it has done much to bring up the banjo to the standard of a recognized musical instrument—there is none of the old plunk, plunk, about that I can tell you."

"I have never seen any books for the banjo except Rice's, Briggs and Winner's," answered the other. "I did not think good music could be played on a banjo."

"Neither it could if we had to depend upon such books as you name; they are the old time rocks, going to decay fast, *The American School* of Stewart's has elevated the ideas of some publishers of late, and you will soon see a better grade of banjo books take place of the old. Stewart gives them the ideas, but it is too late to hurt him any, and besides nobody ever has any idea what he intends to do. He gets out his new snaps before the others have any idea as to what he is at. Now here's his *Banjo and Guitar Journal*, he sends that over the country; I have never met a banjo or guitar player yet who amounted to anything but had received a copy of the *Journal*. Why, Stewart must have spent thousands of dollars in advertising to get the addresses of all these people.

"Why, I had no idea that there could be so much in the banjo—you surprise me."

"You'd be more surprised if you'd call and see Stewart's place some time when you are east—go in the busy season and see the lot of music and banjos he sends out."

Here they were turning over the pages of your April *Journal* and came to my picture. I thought when I saw them looking at my face in the *Journal* that they would surely discover who I was but the plug hat saved me, and they did not know your noble correspondent sat in the same room with them. It is better that it was so or I might have lost the balance of their conversation, which follows.

"The best thing Stewart ever got out was his chart of the Banjo Fingerboard," resumes the first speaker; with that it is very easy for any one to locate the notes on the banjo. Then that little 16 page book the Universal Instructor, which he got out for ten cents, was a great inducement for beginners to learn to play by note."

"I have, of course, never seen any of those books," replied the other party, "but I should think ten cents very little to pay for a book of instruction."

Then they began to go over your music catalogue, and I heard one of them say: "I see he publishes Home Sweet Home and Variations, by E. M. Hall. That is a fine thing; I heard Hall play it. Did you ever hear Hall play?"

"No; I told you I had never heard anything but plunk tunes on a banjo."

"Well, you just ought to hear him play."

"I will if I ever have the opportunity."

Just here another party came into the room and the young fellow who played the banjo introduced him to his friend, but I couldn't catch the name. The three then all began to talk banjo, banjo and banjo.

Says one, looking over your catalogue: "Here's a funny snap, number 199 *Deh Conte*; what in the thunder's that."

"Oh! that's English, ye know. It means 'I cawn't' or 'you cawn't'—at least I should think so." "Get out, that's all nonsense, it means the Dutch Count, that's the name of an opera." Then they all laughed—must have thought it a great joke.

Then one of them bursts out——

"Here's a fine thing, number 187. *Tourjour's Fidele* Waltzes. That means the Major's Fiddle. It is by Waldteufel, which means Wall Devil."

"Yes," remarked one of the others, "that's good, but number 203 is a terror; *Marteneaux Overture*, by Jules Vernet, arranged by T. J. Armstrong. Thats a long and tedious title, but I'll bet the music ain't slow. Let me see Jules Vernet, pronounced *Vern A*; he is a French composer of operatic music. He also plays the banjo. I have often heard of him, he is a corker."

"But here's a cuckoo—number 189, the *Lost Chord Jig*, by Bolsover Gibbs. That must be a dandy, but such a name as Bolsover Gibbs would kill any piece even if it has funny chords in it."

I felt like sinking through the floor here, but I never let on and the conversation continued—"Here's a funny snap—No. 201, Patriotic Paso Doble. That must be immense, I guess there is a double bass act comes in there some where." I could hardly help laughing at this but I managed to keep mum. If I should hear any talk about my latest music which I sent you last month, when it comes out, I will feel like knocking some one.

The "On the Road" Polka, which I hope you have now got out, I consider one of my finest efforts, and the "Liquid Inspiration". Schottische, I wrote while under a strong musical inspiration, but I was not drunk when I wrote it—that is merely an accidental synonym in the cognomen of the production. I doubt if John Lee could do any better if he should work all night. By the way, give my best regards to Huntley and the dogs.

"Well now, Stewart, I dont want to make this letter too long but I'll just stop a few minutes and see if there is anything else I can think of. I'm sorry to learn that one of your remittances went down on the Oregon, but I know you are solid enough to stand it.

Those last strings I got from you were immense, and your new Manilla Neapolitan String Bag is a dandy." It came safely through the mails and is a fine thing to carry strings in in the pocket.

The last thing I recollect to have heard those three young men talking about was your size and weight. I came near forgetting to tell you about it. One of them said that you was a great big man and weighed 280 pounds, with a bald head. The other one said you was a slight built man, and had long hair and beard, and that three of your front teeth were plugged with gold. He also said that you always wore eye glasses or spectacles, he was not sure which.

Then they had a dispute regarding your age. I was afraid it would come to a fight, so I got away as soon as I could.

Good bye,

Bol. Gibbs

Horoscope of the Banjo World.

Astrology is the most ancient of all known sciences, although like all other sciences it has its charlatans, its demagogues and its erroneous disciples, it is nevertheless based upon the rock of truth.

Disturbances which have lately unsettled the outskirts of the banjo world, have been noticed and commented on by some of the mighty minds of Banjodum and other cities. There is no doubt whatever that the planets have a great deal to do with the present condition of this aspect in Christendom.

There is our litte planet in the Bean city running a race with a more developed asteroid in the same location. No wonder the people of Boston have noticed the electric disturbances in the air—the sudden changes of temperature and snapping of catgut and calf.

The little planet has wiggled again—too much steam in the dry house perhaps. The timbers creek and bend, and sometimes the wood warps, but what matters it?

That great big planet hovering in Philadelphia has thrown out too many sparks—the Boston planet says "this won't do, I know I am the greatest in the world, I will puff myself up again and make another attempt to sling some hot shot into the King." So this star of unknown beauty and unacknowledged brightness throws out a few faint sparks through his favorite medium, the *Clipper*.

"I again challenge the world," he says: "when the King sees this he will faint. Oh! I am the greatest— I am, I am indeed."

The more developed body in the same location is getting out a book— *a book*—yes, a book and a *great big* book. This must be understood. Its horoscope has been forecast, its career predicted, and its positive success clinched. So says the planet. It will supercede all others, it will reform the world, it will be the great vade mecum and encyclopedia of the hemispheres. In it will be found the portraits of greater and lesser lights as the case may be.

Our glimmering planet looks on and gets an idea.

"I will so close in around this great big pompous affair that I shall completely cover it. The light I shall throw out being so much stronger and richer will most assuredly consume the whole business." So says this planet of unknown beauty and unacknowledged brightness.

He will get out a book too. No, not a book—not *one* book, but *four*. It will be the greatest ever known since the advent of the astrological science. It will include all that ever has been known, both ancient and modern. In short it will be a *comet*. It is sure. There is no peradventure about it—its doom is sealed. The stars have made known its destiny.

The planet of unknown beauty and unacknowledged brightness flops its wings and sings with joy.

"I'm the finest—the finest—yes, the greatest in the world."

"That great big, burly and fiery planet hovering around Philadelphia, takes an occasional glance at the little planet of unknown beauty and unacknowledged brightness and wonders what it is. Has the dry house given up its dead or has a reinforcement of hydraulic force pumps been attached to the largest stock on earth and bursted, throwing sparks in the air, and is this one of the sparks?

Here we have two planets, each working in discord, and each striving to put forth on the world, affliction dire and dreadful, in the form of books. "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book," sung the prophet of old. He doubtless knew the nefarious effects which sometimes result from dabbling in parchments. "O, that I could spit fire and brimstone with my pen," saith the planet of unknown beauty and unacknowledged brightness—I would be the noblest Roman of them all—I would not have to fall upon my gall. And still I say "Don't be a Ham." Oh, my—so the little thing continued to throw out sparks from the dry house and wondered why it was that no one was hurt.

But what's that great boy doing over there?

Where?

Oh! here; that's William, the assistant planet—he throws out no sparks; he only floats around the planet of unknown beauty and unacknowledged brightness, and assists him when stuck in the mud.

The two, hitched together, watch the Auro' ra Borea' lis, around Philadelphia, and wonder how it is done. And all the other little stars wish they could only creep into the ring.

Can you wonder at strikes? Say?

"I have multiplied the rims by the hoops—extracted the chords and squared the fundamental structure of the brackets by three kinds of fretting—and still I can't carry the tone"—yells the planet of unknown beauty and unacknowledged brightness. "A Ham! A Ham! My teeth for a ham; I will first smoke him in my dry house and then use the fat to get up steam. I am the champion with the belt and don't you forget it." So the planet hunts around for a ham, not realizing that he has plenty of them near him. All this time the Auro' ra borea' lis, in Philadelphia, kept on throwing out light. It was familiar with the little story of the dog barking at the moon and knew that it must needs be the centre upon which the green eyes of many jealous shooting stars must be cast.

POETICAL LICENSE.

From the many songs sent us for perusal, we occasionally find one that is truly original, of which the following is a sample.

My wife she is a dandy; I tell you she's a terror,
When she walks the streets you ought to see them look;
Her jaw is like the ear of a jumping rhinocerous,
She looks like a clam on the end of a fishing hook.
Oh! the day when I got married to her
I thought I had got something rich,
But I've had cause to regret my rash mistake.
I wish I could get a divorce
From this old woman horse,
I'd be the happiest man in all the state.

One day she kicked a chair in two, and chewed my hat all up,
She slammed the window on my nose and killed my favorite pup;
She yelled so loud and jawed so long, that the neighbors all came in,
And I was so scared that I couldn't move a limb.
Oh! it's a terrible fate,
I can scarcely articulate;
I would give my teeth to be single again once more.
My life is a terrible misfortune,
And the way I suffer 'tis a caution;
I am the most discontented man in the world.

Now don't you wish that you was me? for I feel like a keg full of beer;
Sometimes I feel like shooting myself right flat,
But I think that I'll wait until she chews off my ear,
And the people will elect me for their next president.
I feel like a dandy dude,
And I am not a ham that's rude,
My father could lick Sullivan every time.
But I don't get a chance very often
To lay her out in a coffin,
So I wish I had a divorce from that old female horse.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE.

Julius T. Festner, publisher of the *Zither Journal*, Omaha, Neb., furnishes us with a very fine composition for the Zither, which appears in this issue of the *Banjo and Guitar Journal*.

The *Zither Journal*, published by Mr. Festner, is a new venture and one which will doubtless prove successful, as the proprietor is one of the most competent performers and writers for this instrument in America. The Omaha Zither Club is conducted by Mr. Festner, and as there are "Zither Clubs" now in most of our cities it shows how highly the instrument is appreciated throughout this country. The *Zither Journal* is 20 pages, issued monthly, and printed in both the English and German Languages. Subscription price, $1.00 per year, specimen copy free, address Julius T. Festner, Omaha, Neb., No. 414 S. 11th Street.

In speaking of the Zither, Moore's Encyclopædia of Music has little to say. It, however, states that the instrument was first introduced into this country by the Hauser family (Tyrolian,) in 1849.

We also introduce in this issue a duet for Mandolin and Guitar, arranged by J. E. Henning, the well-known musical artist. The Mandolin, or Spanish Mandolino, is an instrument of Spanish origin, now becoming quite popular in America. As there are a number of banjo and guitar teachers who have lately added this beautiful instrument to their repertoire, we have thought well to include this choice duet for the two instruments, hoping it will find favor with a portion of our readers.

ANECDOTE OF E. M. HALL.

Some years ago when Hall was just beginning to make a reputation as a banjo player, his name, Emory Hall, was abbreviated to "Em." Hall. Critics of the press referred to him as Emily or Em. Hall, and others supposed he must of course be a woman. He consequently separated the E and M as used in the abbreviation, and has been known ever since as E. M. Hall.

NOTICE.

All music and books sent by mail on receipt of price. Remit by Registered Letter, Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Express, or which ever way is most convenient.

If you call at your regular music dealers for any of our publications and cannot get them be sure to send to us direct. All orders promptly filled.

Some aesthetic dealers do not care to sell banjo music and we are more pleased to sell you direct.

New Orleans, La., May 10th, 1886.

Having this day sold my entire catalogue of banjo and guitar music plates, with the copyrights thereon, to Mr. S. S. Stewart, I take the pleasure in announcing this change of ownership.

HENRY C. BLACKMAR.

W. A. HUNTLEY'S CONCERT COMPANY

closed their season May 1st. They have been on the road since Nov. 2d, 1885, playing nightly, before large and appreciative audiences. This is the first Banjo Concert Company that has ever made an extended and successful tour throughout the country. We can easily see the cause of their success, as the proprietor, Mr. Wm. A. Huntley and his co-partner Mr. John H. Lee, are banjoists of the highest order, and their marvelous execution combined with their masterly rendition of the various numbers on their programme, stamps them as true artists. The variety of music played by these gentlemen embraces concertos and selections requiring a degree of expression in their rendition that would do credit to the more pretentious instrumental concerts of the various musical societies.

It is a well known fact that in all concerts of a similar character there is a studied regularity of *time* and *expression* adhered to that becomes monotonous. These gentlemen, however, differ from all others, inasmuch as they render the various numbers on their programme as the prices require, beginning with the given tempo, and softening into the *doloroso*; again gradually increasing with the *poco a poco crescendo*, and always playing with a strict regard for the musical expression, be it *ralentando* or *con furiso*.

In the different cities where these gentlemen have appeared they have received encomiums from press and public, leading musicians in particular, such as Prof. Winkler, of Trenton, leader of Regimental Band, who pronounced their music "the finest he ever heard;" also Prof. Coates, of Easton, Pa., a composer and musical critic, who has few superiors, who exclaimed upon hearing these gentlemen perform on their instruments: "Wonderful execution, correct delivery and perfect harmony. I never heard the like before."

It would be well for the coming banjoists of the day to accept their style of music and playing, and not follow in the footsteps of the old "Hoop-de-dooden-do" player.

The banjo, which is rapidly becoming the favorite instrument of the day, is being recognized by musicians as an instrument capable of beautiful effects when artistically played. These gentlemen have done more to elevate the banjo than any artists we know of. To insure success to any artist he must have a good instrument. These gentlemen use twelve varieties of the S. S. Stewart Banjo—There can be no better proof of their superiority.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We endeavor to take no advertisements into the columns of the *Journal* from unreliable persons.

We send out no advertising agents or solicitors, and ask no one to advertise with us. Our independence of all restraint as to accepting or declining advertisements has deterred us from entering the *Journal* at the P. O. as second class matter. At present we shall continue to pay third class rates of postage, accept only such ads. as we deem in keeping with our business and refusing any from doubtful parties. We believe, so far, that our readers have had no cause to complain of being cheated by any advertisement found in our columns.

It will, of course, be to the interest of all banjo, guitar and mandolin teachers, to reach the readers of our paper, but if they do not feel disposed to advertise in our columns we shall make no attempt to compel them to do so.

THE IMPERIAL BANJEAURINE BANJO,

MANUFACTURED BY S. S. STEWART,

Is the great ne plus ultra in banjos. For full description see Illustrated Price List.

Those wanting a sharp tone, short reach, easily fingered and loud ringing concert toned banjo with raised frets, should purchase a banjeaurine. To work in duetts with the regular long neck banjo they are just the thing. To be used with piano or orchestral accompaniments they are to the Kings' taste. Huntley & Lee say they are the crowning light of the banjo world.

THE MUSIC TRADE.

In ordering our banjo music, dealers if they do not remit with order, *must* send satisfactory references as to their standing and reliability, otherwise the orders cannot be filled.

We have not the time nor inclination to enter into voluminous correspondence in order to make a sale of one or two "tunes." We open accounts only with reliable dealers.

TELEPHONE TATTLE.

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

"Who is it?"

"It's I."

"Who's I?"

"Charles N. Gorton; I want Mr. Stewart."

"All right; I'm here."

"What are we to do with that twenty reams of paper, music, titles, etc.?"

"Put it away."

"I have no room."

"Well, make room—stick it on the shelves."

"I can't find any room, and there is no more places to put shelves up. If you don't soon get a larger place we'll have to stop business, I'm thinking."

"Oh; you'll have to make room somehow; moving, I consider an intolerable nuisance, and not to be indulged in until it is absolutely necessary."

"Well, there are seven hundred more sawed necks coming in this week, and Rich says he can't find room for them in his department?"

"Never mind, stick some of them up under the roof."

"All right, but how about that last lot of packing boxes—the man says he is going to deliver them this week; I can't get them in the cellar with all that Excelsior packing; I'd better get the party to hold them awhile; but then there are fifteen hundred spun hoops to come in to-morrow and I want to get this *Journal* out of the way so as to make room?"

"Well, I can't help it; I didn't build the place—If I had it would have been made larger. You'll have to contrive somehow; I don't want to move just yet."

"Slater has an order here for fifteen Universal Favorites, and Rich says they can't be got out this week; he has an order from Kohler & Chase and three English orders on hand ahead, and then you know those goods for Australia have to be out inside of seven days."

"Well, all right, get some more men."

"I can't, there is no room for them to work, unless you want to put them out on the shed?"

"Here's more trouble—Branson says you'll have to put grease on that screw cutter. It makes so much noise that his clerks can't write; it gives them rush of blood to the head."

"Tell Branson all right?"

"He says that you'll have to find some where else to store your varnishes. One can

leaked down all over his desk and ruined his books, and that ain't the worst of it—it spoiled his new spring hat."

"Well, I don't know what else to do; I don't want to move just now?"

"Rue wants more copy for the *Journal*, his boy is waiting."

"All right he shall have it."

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

"The bill poster says he wants those 5000 posters to put up?"

"All right, tell him to go to Rue's and get them. Tell him to smear them up all around town."

"Are you going to put all that last copy of *Lee's Chord Construction* in the next *Journal?*"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, it's a great shame—you'd get three times as much money for it if you put it in a book for a dollar; they don't appreciate it when they get it so cheap. I think you ought to charge 50 cts a copy for the *Journal?*"

"You should be more charitable—the people must be educated."

"Yes, but you can't be expected to educate them so cheap. Once I heard of a boy who said he'd give $5.00 for an education if he could get it without going to school?"

"Yes, I too, heard that old gag."

"Well, there was a lady in to-day, a teacher; she says she can't sell the *Journal* to her pupils, because they don't like anything to study from unless it costs a dollar?"

"All right, tell her to charge a dollar then."

"She says she can't, because you sell it for ten cents; but she says its worth fifty cents anyway?"

"Well, I can't be bothered with it now, you know I want to go fishing———."

"What about that base insinuation business?"

"What base, base what? Bass, you mean; Don't you know the difference between a base and a bass? When I go fishing I catch bass."

"Oh; your away off. I mean that advertisement of the Boston party—he says you made base insinuations in your *Journal* and he's going to challenge you?"

"Rats, my boy, rats; refer it to the editor, I don't write for the *Journal* I only publish it."

"Hello?"

"Hello, again?"

"Here's a telegram from Huntley; he says he caught fifteen blue fish on his last trip and he has sent you three of them in a barrel?"

"All right, tell Jim to watch the express office."

"There's a man here wants to know where Horace Weston is?"

"He joined Smith's Uncle Tom Co., that is all I can tell you—go along, I'm tired."

"Hello?"

"Hello; what's the matter now?"

"There's a man here wants to know how to fret a banjo right; what shall I do, answer his letter or stick it in the department of ways and means?"

"Refer it to the *Journal*—department of correspondents."

"Here's a lot of new music just came in from the printers; where are you going to put it?"

"You'll have to find room up on the third floor if there is none down stairs—that's all I can tell you."

"Well, I think if you don't move into a larger place soon we'll be drowned out?"

"I haven't time to talk about that now. Is there anything else?"

"There were three advertising agents in here to-day; they left rates."

"All right; anything else?"

"Yes; Henning telegraphs for a half dozen white heads. It seems that the strikers broke into his place and cut all his best heads out of his banjos."

"All right, send them along; What next?"

"Here's a letter from Bolsover Gibbs, he's out west; do you want to read it?"

"No, not now, stick it on the *Journal* file."

"But I must protest against sending out the *Journal* to these fellows who don't pay; the more you do for them the more you may do—some of them would suck your blood."

"Well, what would you have me do?"

Why! I'd charge a decent price for the *Journal* or else stop bothering with it; that's what I'd do. If it's not worth 25 cents a copy it's not worth a tinker's dam. It takes a lot of time to keep this subscription list fixed up; there are some of the subscribers who change their address every two months. I had sixteen fellows write that you had beat them out of their just dues, because they didn't get their paper, and I found that six of them had forgotten to put their P. O. box on their letters, and five had not stated any local address, and the others had forgotten to notify us that they had changed their address."

"Oh! well, all editors and publishers have to go through the same mill; you must get used to it."

"I can't. It's a great shame that you don't raise the price of the *Journal*. If it was me, I'd only put one tune in the paper for the money."

"Yes, and have a ham paper. Remember, don't be a ham."

"Why, this next issue (June) will have 8 to 10 music plates in, not counting Lee's Chord Construction. It's worth fifty cents, that's what we ought to get for it."

"I know it, but we will give them a treat this time and see how they like it."

"Hello?"

"Hello; what was that racket?"

"There was a Ham in; he had a fancy snide banjo. He wanted to 'knock you out.' I guess he thought you had nothing to do but to waste time in talking to idiots. I settled him with one of our $10 banjos. It made him sick. I gave him a 'Don't be a Ham' circular and sent him out. He needs a dose Ham Bitters."

"Well, deal gently with them. They mean well but they can't help it. They'll learn better after awhile. If any more of the same breed come in just send them to Dr. Kunkle, the worm doctor."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

J. E. Brewster, of London, England, is no longer agent for the sale of the STEWART BANJOS, or anything pertaining thereto, nor has he any authority or right whatsoever to use the name STEWART in any manner in connection with his business. Every genuine Stewart Banjo is manufactured wholly in every part, in Philadelphia, and each instrument is stamped S. S. Stewart, Philadelphia, and has its number plainly stamped upon it. Imitations, stamped "Stewart's Model," or similar names, are made by imitators of Stewart and sold to those who are unfamiliar with the genuine Stewart Banjos. The public are cautioned to see that each banjo is stamped and numbered, and if there is any doubt of its genuineness the purchaser should write to Philadelphia, stating number and description of the instrument, as a record of each number is kept on file. We have frequently heard from persons who have paid the most exorbitant prices for very inferior instruments, thinking they were buying the STEWART BANJO.

P. C. SHORTIS

With his Stewart Banjo, now traveling with Harry Kellar, the Magician.

Chicago, Ill, April 12, 1886.

S. S. STEWART, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:—The "Grand Orchestra" Banjo received, and after giving it a most thorough trial, believe we are justified in saying that it is the king of all banjos.

The place to test an instrument, is a well-filled Opera House; when other banjos could not be heard with an orchestra, unless struck with a thimble, but with your banjo, in playlng the most difficult passages above the 17th position, every note could be distinctly heard in every part of the house, and the harmonic tones are clear and brilliant as a silver bell.

It is the acme of perfection, and some of the greatest musical minds of Chicago have become deeply interested and express the greatest surprise that the banjo could reach such a wonderful state of perfection.

Permit me to congratulate you upon your great and world-wide success, and believe me, very sincerely,

Yours, J. E. HENNING,

Prof., Banjo and Guitar Artist.

J. H. PARKER,

The Noted Banjo Teacher,

Of MONTREAL, CANADA.

VESPER WALTZ.

FOR THE BANJO.

By AMOS POOR.

PLEASANT MOMENTS SCHOTTISCHE.

FOR THE BANJO.

By E. D. GOLDBY.

LITTLE DAISY POLKA.

By OTTO H. ALBRECHT.

Tune Bass to B.

BANJO.

FINE.

D.C. to FINE.

EASY GUITAR MAZURKA.

Arr. by CHAS. H. LOAG.

Moderato.

GUITAR.

mf

f

D.C. al FINE, *then play Trio.*

TRIO.

p

D.C. al FINE.

JIG.

Easy Pieces for Young Players.

Banjo.

Tune Bass to B.

Arr. for Banjo by CHAS. H. LOAG.

GUITAR MELODY.

Guitar.

ANNA SONG, FROM NANON.

Arranged for MANDOLINE and GUITAR. By J. E. HENNING.

NOTE.—The Mandoline is tuned two strings in unison in fifths, same as a violin: E, A, D, G.
1, 2, 3, 4.

The Tremolo is used to produce a sustained tone, and requires some practice. The A on Mandoline and Guitar are tuned to regular Concert pitch in playing duets.

Copyright, 1886, by S. S. STEWART.

The Waterfall.

Printed and Published by JULIUS T. FESTNER, Omaha, Nebraska.

Verlag und Druck von Julius T. Festner Omaha, Nebraska.

For the use of young players.

BUCKLEY'S POLKA.

FOR THE BANJO AND PIANO.

Arranged by THO'S J. ARMSTRONG.

Copyright, 1886, by S. S. STEWART.

VACATION POLKA.

By JOHN H. LEE.

Copyright, 1886, by S. S. STEWART.

A LESSON IN CHORD-CONSTRUCTION FOR THE BANJO. BY JOHN H. LEE.

CHAPTER II.

In the previous chapter I have explained how to construct the Simple Major Triads. Those were formed upon the first, fourth, and fifth degrees of the scale. The next in order will be the formation of Minor Triads, which are constructed upon the second, third, and sixth degrees of the scale. The process of construction is the same in Minor as in Major chords with the exception of the chord on the 3rd degree, which contains the usual *first*, *third*, and *fifth* (Intervals), but the *third* (Interval) in this chord (based on the 3rd *degree*) *must* be raised a semitone higher by an accidental, in order to form the proper chord for true harmony. All theoretical writers advocate the use of the Minor scale in the construction of Minor chords; but, as a study of the Minor in its many forms (i. e.: Ascending and Descending Minor scales, *Melodic* and *Harmonic* Minor scales) would create a great amount of confusion in a pupil's ideas, I have deemed it best to employ, in an abridged work of this kind, the simplest means possible to convey to the student's mind the knowledge required. I regard the Minor key as part of and belonging to the Major key of which it is termed a relative. To illustrate the construction of the Minor Triads I present the following, *using the Major scale*:

The above chords, termed "Theoretical," are formed into the "Practical" (for the banjo) by means of *inversion*, as explained in the previous chapter.

In the chord formed on the 3rd degree (C♯), the third (Interval) will be found raised a half tone higher than the signature ♯♯♯ allows, this is done by prefixing an accidental. This is the invarible rule, it does not matter why it is so, as it *is* so. The chord of the third degree must *always* have a sharpened third (Interval). Relative Minor music calls for it.

The chords in all the foregoing examples embrace all the Simple Major and Minor Triads, six chords in all, three Major on the 1st, 4th, and 5th degrees, and three Minor on the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th degrees. Collectively, they are as follows:

When spoken of in a musical sense the chord of the first degree is termed the Tonic Major, that of the 4th degree is the Sub-dominant Major, the 5th degree is the Dominant Major. The chord on the 6th degree is the Tonic Minor, the chord on the 2nd degree is the Sub-dominant Minor, on the 3rd degree is the Dominant Minor. (This chord is in reality a full *Major* chord, but in connection with a strain of Minor music it *sounds Minor*.)

We have now constructed all of the Simple Major and Minor Triads. The next in order will the be formation of the

DOMINANT SEVENTH CHORDS.

These chords are formed by adding a 7th (Interval) to the Dominant Major and Minor Triads.

Dominant 7th chords are the most important of *all* chords used in Harmony. By their aid a musician is enabled to modulate into all keys, and an almost endless variety of musical progression is therefore made.

Another important factor in Harmony is the

DIMINISHED SEVENTH CHORD.

This Chord, when played alone, produces a disagreeable sensation. It is in itself most discordant, but when played between two agreeable harmonies, its value as an adjunct to harmony is at once apparent. When (in accompaniment playing) the Major and Minor Triads, also Dominant 7ths, have beentried and found not to harmonize with the melody being performed, the Diminished 7th will almost invariably be found to be the missing chord. In instrumentation it affords a pleasant relief to the ear during a prolonged use of the simple harmonics of the Tonic, Sub-Dominant and Dominant Major and Minor. As a means of Modulation it is second only to the Dominant 7th. This chord has three distinct forms. It may be constructed upon the 1st, 4th, or 5th degrees of a scale. The bass note must be taken (say on the 4th degree in A ♯♯♯ which will be D♮ for Bass note) and its 3rd, 5th, and 7th added to it. It is now a Major seventh chord, and to *diminish* the interval from 1st to 7th, (from which it derives its name Diminished 7th chord), the two extremes (1st and 7th), must be drawn nearer to one another. In other words, the distance between them must be *diminished*. This is done by raising the Root or Bass note (D♮) a semitone higher (D♯), and by also lowering the 7th or highest note (C♯) a semitone (C♮), the 3rd and 5th remain unaltered.

At A the first construction of the chord is made; it is now a Major 7th chord of the fourth degree. At B the chord has become a Diminished 7th by the use of Accidentals. At C the chord is changed by inversion of some of the intervals in order to make it practicable for the banjo.

There are two more chords of the Diminished 7th, one formed on the first degree of the scale, and the other formed on the 5th degree of the scale, but the above one (formed on the 4th degree) will be found to be most in demand, as it belongs to the key and serves to keep the harmony within the key, while the other two are rarely used except as a means to modulate in some other key, usually Minor.

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A LESSON IN CHORD-CONSTRUCTION FOR THE BANJO. BY JOHN H. LEE.

At A plain 7th chords are made on the 1st and 5th degrees. At B the 1st and 7th of the chord on the 1st degree have been altered by accidentals which make the chord a diminished 7th. At C the chord on the 5th degree has been altered to form a Diminished 7th, but unlike the others in which the 1st and 7th were both prefixed with accidentals, this chord has but one and that affects the root or bass only. (* The 7th in this chord is already a *Minor* 7th, and the raising of the lower note reduced the Interval to a Diminished 7th.) At D and E both chords are presented in practical form for the Banjo.

The Diminished 7th on the 1st degree will be found to aid in modulation towards B Minor. The chord on the 5th degree blends with the relative Minor F♯, and slightly in connection with D Major. The Diminished 7th chord on the 4th degree will be found surprisingly often in the music of A Major. A judicious use of the above chords beautify a piece of music and display the work of a Master, but a too frequent use of them betray the amateur and uncultivated taste. Many young writers are addicted to the latter fault, and burden their compositions with these "odd chords" to such an extent that they become monotonous. A great deal might be written on this subject, but as this is a work on "Chord Construction," and not Modulation and Harmony, the author will not digress further.

AUGMENTED SIXTH CHORDS.

These chords are constructed upon the sixth and fourth degrees of a scale. The one on the sixth degree belongs exclusively to the Major, and is formed by taking the note on that degree and adding to it its 3rd, 5th, and 6th, and then *Augmenting* the interval between the 1st and 6th by lowering the root a semitone, and raising the highest note (or 6th) a semitone. The 5th in this chord has to be lowered a semitone by license.

At A the chord constructed is a very discordant sixth. At B the intervals 1st and 6th are Augmented (the distance between them increased) by lowering the root F a semitone, and raising the 6th (D) a semitone. The 5th (C♯) is lowered by license a semitone. At C the chord is written in practical form for the banjo. The other Augmented 6th chord belongs to the harmony of the Minor key (F♯) exclusively, and is constructed upon the 4th degree of the Major scale. (Had we used the Minor scale this chord would have been constructed upon its 6th degree in the *Harmonic* form.)

At A the 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 6th are taken, making the first construction of the chord. The interval between D and B (1st and 6th) at A is a Major 6th, consequently, to make the interval an *Augmented* 6th only one accidental need be used, and that occurs on the note B (the 6th). The fifth is not to be lowered a semitone as in the other Augmented 6th chord. The perfect chord is at B. At C the chord is presented in proper form for practical use on the banjo.

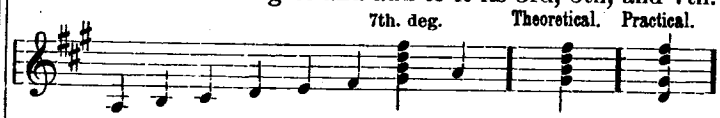
A short musical example introducing the two Augmented sixths and showing the harmonic progressions of which they form a part, would be very *apropos* at this point, but would be a digression from the subject, "Chord Construction," and would properly come under the head of "Modulation and Harmony" which may be touched upon later.

SUBSTITUTED SIXTH CHORDS.

This chord, is a combination of the Sub-dominant Major (in the Bass), and the Sub-dominant Minor (in the Treble). It is constructed upon the fourth degree of the scale, to which is added a *third* and *sixth*. It partakes of the harmony of the Sub-dominant Major chord, and is similarly constructed with this exception: the *fifth* in the Sub-dominant chord is omitted, and a *sixth substituted:* hence, the name of the chord, "*Substituted sixth.*" The following will illustrate its theoretical and practical form for the banjo.

SEVENTH CHORD OF THE 7th DEGREE.

This chord partakes of the nature of a *passing* chord, and, in intricate harmony, is a sort of compromise between the Dominant 7th and the Sub-dominant Triad. It is used *only* in instrumental music, and can scarcely be classed with fundamental harmony; yet a knowledge of its construction may be of interest to those who never knew *there was such a* chord. The name of the chord suggests its own construction. Take the note on the 7th degree and add to it its 3rd, 5th, and 7th.



In the above chord on the 7th degree, the *seventh* (Interval) falls on F sharp. This interval (F♯) must *always* be the highest note in the chord, the other intervals may be inverted lower, but the 7th remains at the top. This chord would otherwise sound harsh and disagreeable. In the Minor key its construction need not be attempted, as the chord produced will be found identical with the Diminished 7th chord based on the 5th degree.

The foregoing chapters have explained the proper construction of all chords belonging to the key of A. In a condensed and rather abbreviated work of this kind, it would be impossible to present complete instructions and illustrations in all keys, but the intelligent pupil can, by transposition and a little judgment, effect satisfactory results in chord construction in all keys.

"O Nellie, You Couldn't, Now Could You?"

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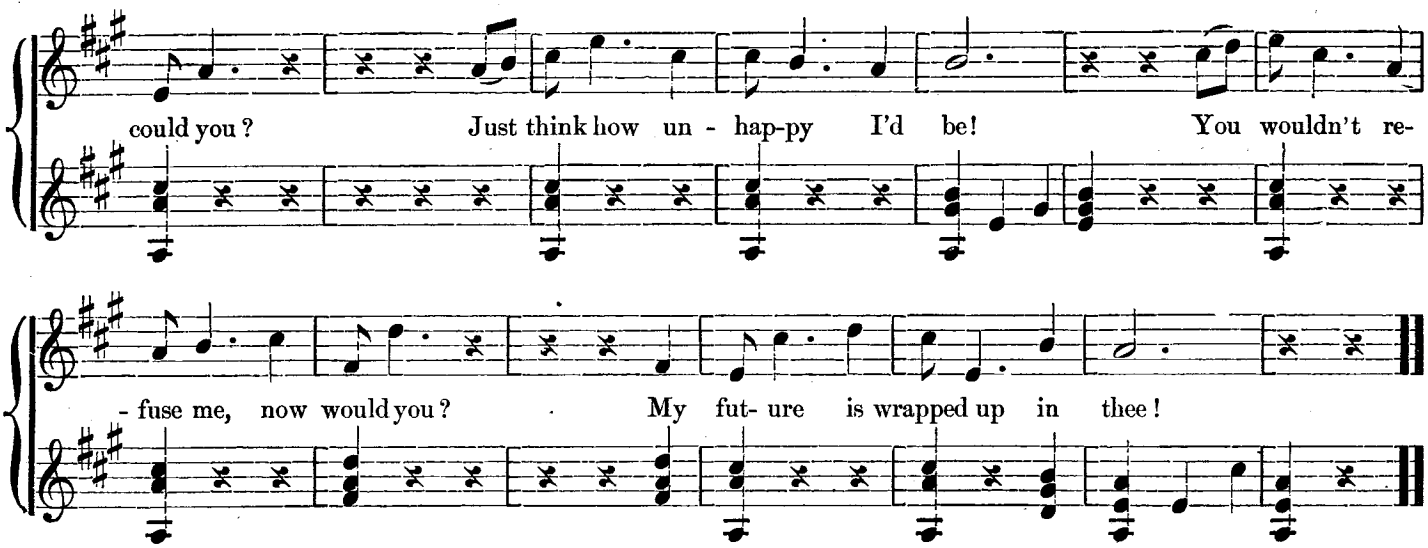

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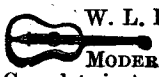

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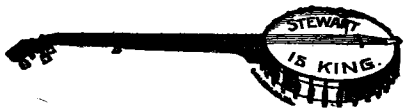

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